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The Art Gallery

THE WATER-COLOR SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION.



THE fashionable resort for New York pleasure-seekers during the month of February was the galleries of the Water-Color Society. The managers, with that good sense and that zeal for the practical success of their institution which have made it known from the

first as a wide-awake, free-minded, and energetic body, took several measures that, if they needed justification, would only have to point to the success of the exhibition from every point of view, as their legitimate result. One of these measures was a more than ordinarily vigorous sifting of the drawings sent in, a sifting which gave us indeed the largest exhibition yet held, so far as the wall-space covered is concerned, but at the expense of over a thousand drawings rejected. Then, in spite of some opposition in the committee, a large liberality was determined on in the selection, so that, as far as possible, all sorts of ways of working and ways of thinking should be represented. And again, though this of course is of the least importance, an effort was made to take off the official and business look of the ordinary exhibition-room, by setting the drawings in surroundings of a festive and decorative character so far as the means of the Society would allow. The result of this last move on the part of the managers was, that at no former exhibition held

in the Academy building have the rooms looked so attractive. The main decoration of the wall was, of course, left to be done by the drawings themselves, and whatever could tempt the eye away from its legitimate object was carefully avoided; at only one point was there anything like definite wall-decoration attempted. The space above the door leading from the corridor into the north room was taken in hand by Mr. Samuel Colman and Mr. Chase, and by the aid of some squares of Oriental embroidered stuffs, one or two pieces of lacquer, a bowl of iridescent glass, and a row of old Majolica dishes, with a few other color ingredients, a very pleasing effect was produced; the eye was charmed and rested at the same time, and the drawings were not put out of tune. As usual, the staircase was set with green-house shrubs and flowering plants; on the tops of all the heaters were placed palms, daphnes, and other shrubs in handsome Chinese pots of painted porcelain; and in addition to the ordinary divans belonging to the building there were rich Venetian seats of carved wood, and plainer ones from China, set about

in convenient places. Add amusing curtains at every doorway of impossibly cheap and oddly pretty printed cottons from Japan, suspended from rods of untamed bamboo, dispose a few bronzes here and there, and set singing birds in cages to echoing the voices of women and young girls who, in the off-hours before lunch and matinée, throng the galleries, relieved but sparsely by the shrinking form of man—and the reader can picture in his own mind's eye a scene by no means disagreeable to come upon in the weather which Vennor and the Street Commissioners torment us with this winter.

The result of the managers' efforts was to produce an exhibition that gave some pleasure to nearly everybody. As a start-off, almost every visitor who came with an inkling of what was to be seen found out Abbey's "Sisters" in the north room, and with all the faults that might be found in it, this drawing continued to the end the prima donna of the exhibition. 'Twas a fault, to our thinking, in the first place, that the "Sisters" were not more comely in their homeliness: no way possible to interest ourselves in them, and we gazed with ever-increasing discomfort on their too bountiful chins; then, that not enough dependence was

ness of the whole thing, the absence of all posing. In the south room was another drawing by Mr. Abbey, "Autumn," a single figure of a lady in a hat and fichu standing in the "happy autumn fields, and thinking of the days that are no more." The figure filled a small upright panel and looked straight out, so that a rather monumental effect was produced. A spectator said of it, "It is full of the sentiment of its title, and just so might a statue of autumn be conceived." In coloring, this drawing was just the opposite of the "Sisters," being dark and rich.

To speak frankly, Mr. Abbey's drawings were the only figure subjects in the exhibition that could challenge much attention on the score of artistic qualities. We did not indeed go sheer down without a break from Abbey to Mr. Wood, but the breaks were not important. There was Mr. Maynard, who is never without some good reason to offer why we should stop and look at his work; but Mr. Maynard was unfair to himself this year. He had one very good drawing, "The Amateur," a pretty bric-à-brac sort of young boy in an arm-chair, looking over a portfolio of prints, and showing well against a background of studio properties.

But the other drawings were slight and seemed to have no particular reason for being. We could not like his "Summer," it lacked sumptuousness and grace beside.

Then there was Mr. Champney with his "On the Heights," which would have been better without its title, since, though the lady had a pleasing face, the artist had not been able to suggest anything more in reference to her than that she was reclining at ease, and while listening to pretty nothings



"GONE HATH THE SPRING WITH ALL ITS FLOWERS, AND GONE THE SUMMER'S POMP AND SHOW." BY HENRY FARRER.

DRAWN BY THE ARTIST FROM HIS PAINTING IN THE AMERICAN WATER-COLOR SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION.

placed on simple methods of technique: the face of the lady standing up was gone over and over uneasily with body-color till the modelling was confused and lost, and in general a chalky whiteness pervaded the drawing and in vain tried to pass itself off for sunlight. But the merits of the drawing far outshone its defects. The directness of the composition, and the hardy way in which the artist divested himself of all adventitious aid, reducing the design to the simplest elements so as to work out his problem of lighting without a bush of bric-à-brac, so to speak, to hide behind—these things made the drawing interesting even to those who did not see just why it attracted them. In "tackling" such a subject Mr. Abbey may be said to have burned his ships. The row of pots with geranium-plants in flower, the pianoforte, the rug on the floor, the dresses of the two girls with the lights reflected in their shadows, the muslin curtains at the long window—all these things were well painted, and each one played its necessary part in the picture; but, of course, what gave the drawing its charm for most visitors was the natural-

from some youth unseen, was adjusting her back hair with that half unconscious play of the fingers which answers in woman's repertory of gesture to a man's fiddling with his moustache or pressing the ferule of the cane against his boot-toe. Now a woman on Auerbachian Heights does not think of her back hair. In the execution of this drawing, Mr. Champney showed rather more solidity than usual, and it was from the first a favorite.

Mr. J. Carroll Beckwith made a rather stunning appeal with his alarming "Carmen," but his little "Sketch" hung near it showed that the artist was not really as bad as he seemed. We should like to know, by the way, whether there was any connection between three drawings that looked as if they all came out of one studio—Mr. Beckwith's "Sketch," Miss L. F. Emmett's "Portrait Study," and Mr. J. C. Bowman's "Extracting a Pebble from a Sheep's Hoof." All three looked as if the method employed had been to make a drawing in very strong color and then subject it to the bath, or leave it out in the rain, for a few hours. It

gave the work a cleverish look, but nothing was gained by it on the side of nature. Now, we take it, the only use of a trick of this sort is to get something worth much more than the name of cleverness. For one, let Mr. Bowman ask himself whether his title be not affectation, pure and simple. 'Twas impossible to tell what his children were at, and when the catalogue told us we just didn't believe it.

Mr. Satterlee has his foot in the crack of Mr. Abbey's door, and if he have pluck enough will soon force it open and stand inside. But he is fonder of things than Mr. Abbey, and does not feel his solitude sufficiently cheered with the bare furniture and surroundings that satisfy that artist. Mr. Satterlee long ago fell in love with his grandmother, and could not get enough of her chairs and tables, spinnets, tall clocks, slinky gowns, and effects in general. We complain that he leans too much upon these properties as if they were sufficient in themselves, and that he shirks the necessary pains to subordinate them to the needs of painting. However, there was always enough in him for encouragement on our part, and this year he has earned golden opinions from all sorts of people by his pretty drawing, "Spoils of a Garden." Barring a not very refined way of using his materials, this was a graceful, natural, and well-composed design, and it was a pity that nothing else the artist sent was at all up to the mark of this one.

Mr. C. G. Bush made the most of his "Group of Irishmen Waiting for the Tide," and showed considerable skill in getting a composition out of such unpromising materials. Like Professor Eakins, however, in his drawings of a similar character, there is too much stress laid on the bodies and too little on the heads and faces of his men. Mr. Eakins has done enough in the way of facial expression to assure us that when he wants it he knows where to get it, but Mr. Bush has yet his laurels to earn, though there is enough in this little drawing to prove that he can hope to wear them one day. Every one of these rough men is pretty sure to have had a face of some character, and a Knaus, or a Passini, or a Meissonier, would have interpreted it for us, even had he had no more space to do it in than Mr. Bush had and no more color in his brush.

Mr. F. S. Church has achieved the honor of a review in "L'Art," and 'tis not our fault if we cannot give him as unstinted praise as does our foreign contemporary. However, Mr. Church can hum to himself the proverb about prophets in their own country, and so take solace. All we complain of in this artist is that he rather wastes his talent than makes much of it, and that he has not the sense of proportion. Nothing that he has done seems to us worth more space than a vignette would give it, and if his drawings could be reduced to this small compass we are sure they would often gain by it. Mr. Church's "The Temptation"—the subject a girl who has set her heart as a lure in the grass, and fastens the ribbon that is to pull it away when some luckless man goes for it at the extreme right of the frame, while a boneless cupid watches it at the extreme left—this drawing is one of the largest in the exhibition; and as it is not at all decorative in its lines or in its coloring, but is, on the contrary, very weak in each of these directions, it cannot long please. The same may be said of "The Witch's Daughter"—we see little artistic merit in either, but certainly there is not more in them than will suffice to fill a small book illustration. Mr. Church's work seems to us just a stage above Mr. Beard's; it belongs to very much the same category, though of course it is never vulgar or without a certain refinement in its humor. We say "never," though we cannot think "The Temptation" without coarseness. Still, that is not the character of Mr. Church's work, and "trivial" is the worst that can as a rule be said of

it. He has talent undoubtedly; we wish he knew a use to put it to.

Mr. Freer's work did not come up to the expectation his drawings of other years awakened, even when superficially there seemed little in him beside a copyist of Mr. Currier. The "Ideal Head" on the south gallery showed him at the best, but the impressionists are hard to teach that they are to be called to as strict account for every stroke of their pencils as the Meissoniers and Gérômes for theirs. The drawing by Fortuny in the north room sent by Mr. Chase might teach Mr. Freer that a master does not slap his color on paper or canvas, trusting to chance to bring it right. Where a master like Meissonier—for he is a master—multiplies stroke upon stroke, a master like Fortuny—for he, too, is a master—has learned through fasting and prayer to give up and give up, until at length he can say all with two or three words. But neither master ever wastes anything. Mr. Freer, on the other hand, throws his money out at the window, whereas if he would use it economically he might certainly have something to show for it.



"DEM WAS GOOD OLE TIMES!" BY T. HOVENDEN.

DRAWN BY THE ARTIST FROM HIS PAINTING IN THE AMERICAN WATER-COLOR SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION.

Mr. E. L. Henry does not with impunity try to paint the figure or to wrestle with facial expression. His two country politicians were more pretending than his queer pin-point pictures of old times, but they were not so genuine and therefore not so really interesting.

Probably no one would have known the two drawings in the staircase for Mr. Winslow Homer's without the aid of the catalogue. Let us hope that they reach the lowest point in a long artistic downhill, and that the strong artist of other days may reappear with welcome work recalling the vigor of old times.

Mr. Thomas Hovenden has exchanged his Bretons for our darkies, and we hardly know which we like least. His "Dem was Good Ole Times" is no doubt a faithful portrait, but a photograph would have given us as much, and something beside a catch-title in a catalogue is needed to make such a drawing as "The Revised Version" count for art.

It is worth studying how much the title a man chooses to give his work tells in our judgment of it.

Here is Mr. Alfred Kappes. He has made a drawing which, as we glance at it without consulting the catalogue, seems to represent the marine experiences of an old lady whose husband, a seafaring man, has taken her with him for the first time on a cruise in his boat. The old lady is in a sad way with the lurching of the boat, and is clinging for support to the table, while her husband, good man, looks in Papin's Family Digester, or some such book, for something to soothe her qualms. "What a queer, uncomfortable subject!" we say, and look at the catalogue to find that this is "In Memoriam, September 14th, 1881." We ask the reader, candidly, could he have guessed it? Or, having read his catalogue, can he see where in the drawing itself there lies the least solution to its meaning? Artists are all the time making such blunders as this because they will not see that a picture which calls for a single word of written explanation is by so much removed from the strict domain of art. Mr. Kappes is, however, not himself this year. He has sent nothing worthy of the good reputation he was making. There is a clever bit in his "Helpmates," the tarry back of an old salt in a

sou-wester, but this figure has no pictorial relation to the rest of the composition. Could it have been cut out, leaving him standing relieved against the blue-green door (and leaving out the staring red lobster buoy), it would have made a noticeable study.

Mr. Wm. H. Lippincott has gone into the fashion-plate business. We hope he left written on his studio door, "Will be back soon."

Mr. Will H. Low comes back with a pale reminiscence of the first spirited study he brought with him from France, and which we are always hoping he will make us forget by something more spirited still. These girls in quaint attire, filing past us hand in hand, with Messrs. Satterlee and Symington, Lippincott and Low, are getting to be as tedious as real fashion-plates, and cannot plead in excuse the usefulness of their humble prototypes. Mr. Satterlee is the only one who has succeeded this year in coming anywhere near a pictorial treatment of this run-to-death scheme.

Mr. Symington has been able to throw some naturalness into one of his subjects, "Expected Soon," but his other numbers were not redeemed by color, drawing, sentiment, or any good quality whatever.

Mr. McCutcheon had a large drawing in which he showed his sense of realities by frankly going to Castle Garden for a subject, but, alas, when he got there he did not know what to do. However, he was in the right way, for nobody could say that, up to a certain point, his picture did not speak for itself. We knew where we were, and what the people about us were; it was only when we came to ask the two chief actors in the little drama what they were doing that

we got absolutely no answer. Some time, we doubt not, Mr. McCutcheon will succeed in interpreting facial expression and gesture. He ought to try earnestly to get more pleasing color.

For one who passes so much of his time with the Greeks, and brings back so much that is delightful for the public entertainment and instruction, we find Mr. F. D. Millet a disappointing painter. His "Study in Costume" had nothing to recommend it, either in the large-headed, heavy-limbed woman herself or in her costume, which had oddly enough a very stogy and unreal look. As for his other drawing, a child with a Methuselah-head, frightened lest a wolf-skin floor-rug should eat up her rag-baby, 'twas utterly a thing of naught. Why should a man of talent, all alive with ideas, "give himself away" like this?

Messrs. Leon and Percy Moran are making a very pleasant impression on the world of both artist and layman by the delicate facility of their touch, but we hope to see them try a stronger flight before long. They

each had a bit of still-life in the exhibition, and these were to our thinking their cleverest work. Mr. Muhrman had only one figure subject in the exhibition, a study of a woman supposed to be holding a bowl of milk in her hand. Recurring to what we observed just now when speaking of Mr. Freer, we ask Mr. Muhrman what excuse he has for calling this thing a bowl? Velasquez, the Japanese Oksai, or any Jap dauber of penny fans for that matter, Fortuny—but how many there are who would never write artist after their name if they could not with a couple of turns of their wrist make such a bowl that the wayfaring man, though a fool, could not err therein! Whereas no one who was not a fool would ever take Mr. Muhrman's bowl for a bowl. All that the impressionist has a right to brag of is his power to do with two strokes what Meissonier cannot do with less than four at least, and it may be four dozen. 'Tis this power, where it exists, that makes impressionist work vital. Mr. Hugh Newell's "Memories" was a pretty figure with an Eakinsish expression in a Boughtonish dress. We hope that Mr. Newell will feel complimented by having his name mated with Mr. Eakins's, for 'tis something to remind one by the skill with which mere thinking is portrayed without the aid of gesture or attitude, of our best master at that art.

Mr. Granville Perkins we prefer to pass by. We cannot think his drawings show any reason for their

tolerated. Why, Mr. Perry, this is not painting, this is confectionery; there is no manly work in it: your other drawings are better, but they have little pictorial quality. However, it is really strange to find a drawing by Mr. Perry without some naturalness in it. His "Story Book" is an exception. We can see by his "A Good Egg" that he can, if he will, render truth of gesture.

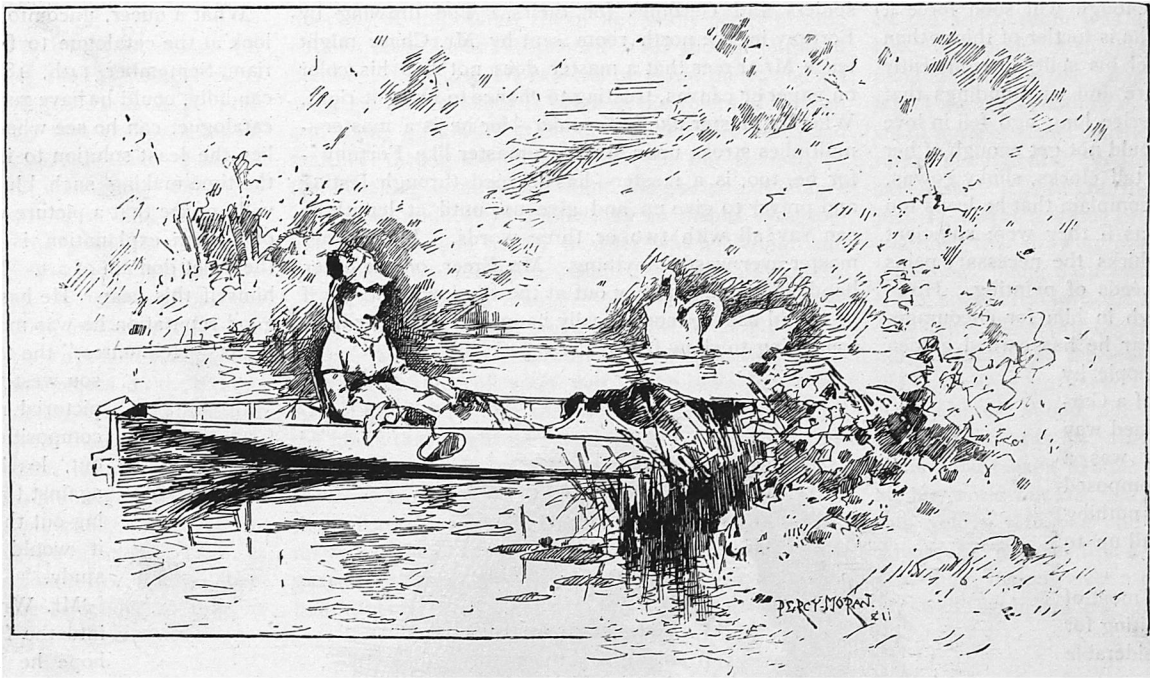
that Mr. Parsons represents; would that some Mr. Deschamps could be found to risk the importation of a few specimens. Mr. R. F. Bloodgood's "Wreck of a Trireme" is a mere futility; there is absolutely no sense as there is no poetry in such a performance. Mr. Jacob Smillie has painted a staircase so curiously and wonderfully made as to be much more interesting than the young woman who is supposed to be coming down

it. Such a staircase never was nor could be, and if there was, it should never have been mentioned. We should like to see Mr. Jacob Smillie attempt to make the working drawings for the construction of such a stairway.

Mr. C. Y. Turner had a good figure of a Dordrecht milkmaid, one of those faithful studies that tell us all the facts, but make no other appeal, nor perhaps attempt any. Mr. W. H. Shelton's "Grandfather on Guard," Mr. Percival de Luce's "In the Country," Mr. C. D. Weldon's "Morning Pastimes," Mr. Philip B. Hahs's "Teaching the Bird a New Tune," Mr. C. S. Reinhart's "Figaro," are all

drawings that will please young eyes and which call for no special comment.

Of the landscapes in the exhibition it would be easy to say much in praise. They were the strong feature of the display, though there was no one that called



"REFLECTIONS." BY PERCY MORAN.

DRAWN BY THE ARTIST FROM HIS PAINTING IN THE AMERICAN WATER-COLOR SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION.

Mr. Julian Scott can hardly expect to keep alive an excellently begun reputation by such nothings as his "Alert." Mr. W. T. Smedley had a very good subject in his "That City Chap," but there was, as often in such cases, too much that was superfluous in the composition. The drawing was a large one, showing a wide expanse of orchard background and meadow foreground. In the background under the trees a very rustic-looking "cit" was making demonstrations of affection to a very shrewd young maiden. Their performances were observed with displeasure by a rather loosely put together farmer youth who is going to his work, hoe in hand, and in his laboring clothes. Now this subject is unnecessarily dissipated in the cloud of not particularly well painted vegetation that surrounds it. All might have been told and nothing lost in one-third the space.

Miss Mary L. Stone sends some pretty Frèreish things, but with much independent observation and a style of her own. One of them, "The Children's Hour," would, we venture to think, have pleased Millet.

Mr. Edgar M. Ward had two good studies of Breton life, single figures of no pretension, really within his grasp. Mr. J. Alden Weir, who sent one of the best landscapes in the exhibition, albeit not much larger than one's hand, sent also in his "The Helmsman," a drawing that excited more curiosity than pleasure. And Mr. Wood, the President of the Society, sent several of those large figure subjects which he paints year after year with faithfulness and sincerity, and about which, as nothing would be gained by saying what we think, 'tis as well to say nothing. Enough that this is not realism, although it may get itself called so, and



"NINON, A.D. 1812." BY WILL H. LOW.

DRAWN BY THE ARTIST FROM HIS PAINTING IN THE AMERICAN WATER-COLOR SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION.

being, and it certainly does look like unfairness for the committee to accept seven such performances as this while a thousand others are sent away from the doors. Mr. Perkins does very little as a member of the Society to uphold it by such contributions.

Mr. E. Wood Perry once did work not without merit, but where is it now? His "Story Book," painted so often and so many ways, is this year too finikin to be

certainly it is not imaginative in its dealings with the actual world. Not one of these persons looks, dresses, acts, as his supposed counterpart would do in life, and yet the artist has done his level best to make them real, and we suppose thinks he has succeeded.

There is lovely work in Mr. Alfred Parsons's "A Sunday Morning in Surrey;" we do not know half enough of the delightful English landscape-painting



"SPANISH GYPSY FEEDING PIGEONS." BY GEROME FERRIS.

DRAWN BY F. S. CHURCH FROM THE PAINTING IN THE AMERICAN WATER-COLOR SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION.

forth special enthusiasm. In the north room, Mr. Henry Farrer's large autumn landscape was perhaps the favorite with the general public, but Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith's "Old London Coffee House, Quebec," Mr. Jos. Lyman, Jr.'s "York Harbor," and Mr. J. C.

Nicoll's "Morning Fogs," were among the larger drawings that found many admirers. For ourselves, after studying these, we turned with pleasure to a number of small drawings that concentrated into a single

reminds us of some one else, cannot get credit for a supposed independent talent. Mr. Blum's drawings this year are simply and purely tinted Whistler etchings. In one or two cases the likeness is a little

absurd. Yet there is no doubt whatever that Mr. Blum has talent—and yet no man can really say what sort of work he would do with it were he to fall back absolutely on himself. As for Mr. Lungren, there is something childish in the way in which he offers us three repetitions of his last year's "Street Scene with Real Water." Does he intend to make a specialty of this thing? His first performance was reasonably good, but not remarkable, and was only true in the general effect, a rapid memorandum showing some cleverness. His present drawings merely exaggerate the loud features of that first essay and give us nothing new. Nothing will come of such self-satisfied imitation of one's self but deterioration. A young artist ought to make a vow to himself that if he has once done a good deed he will never do another like it.

Mr. Twachtman's work is not very striking in subject this year, but it is as good in quality as ever; every bit of it deserved to be well looked at. We do not expect such drawing to be as popular as that of Mr. Bellows, Mr. Cropsey, Mr. Swain Gifford, or Mr. Samuel Colman, but we are sure many an amateur of the new day is strengthening his faith by the study of Mr. Twachtman's drawings.

Here is the power to seize the essentials of a scene, and here is independence not only of others, but of one's self. Mr. Charles Mente, who dates from Munich,

are mannered studio works, the usual stuff of the modern picture-dealer's stock. Mr. Harry Fenn has some carefully worked-up drawings of Spanish and Oriental subjects without charm of color, and lighted apparently



"WAITING FOR THE BOATS." BY EDWARD MORAN.

DRAWN BY F. S. CHURCH FROM THE PAINTING IN THE AMERICAN WATER-COLOR SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION.

pane of glass as it were the light and air of wide outdoor spaces. Such were Mr. Thos. W. Shields's "View of Pappendrecht, Holland;" Mr. J. Alden Weir's "Port Jefferson," the landscape to which we most frequently returned; and Mr. H. Bolton Jones's "Autumn," though all this artist's work, this year, was excellent—he has gone far ahead of his early promise. Mr. Murphy, too, though he is in a transition state as to color, is evidently moving, and if a little troublesome just now with pinks and purples, is pretty sure to come out all right. Then, too, we looked, each visit, at Mr. Van Boskerck, who, like Mr. Murphy, is a rib taken out of Corot's side, but who now walks about on his own feet, which lead him into very pretty places; and at Mr. Chas. M. Dewey, who does not keep a steady course in his drawing, but is now almost good, and again dangerously near to bad, though his "Afternoon" in the north gallery and his "Morning" in the

east gallery were assurances that he can do good work. Mr. Blum we are afraid is still joined to his idols, and does not see that a man who constantly and inevitably

sends some good impressions of the Bavarian landscape, and Mr. T. De Thulstrup has a "Lakeside Study," which we prefer to his figure-subjects; these

like a new variety of sponge; the multitude of small open windows, every one like the other, has a most comical effect. Mr. Smith ought to try the experiment



"DORDRECHT MILKMAID." BY C. Y. TURNER.

DRAWN BY THE ARTIST FROM HIS PAINTING IN THE AMERICAN WATER-COLOR SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION.



"THE COUNTY CANVASS." BY E. L. HENRY.

DRAWN BY THE ARTIST FROM HIS PAINTING IN THE AMERICAN WATER-COLOR SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION.

not by the sun, but by Jablochhoff. Mr. Thomas Moran will continue to paint us the Yellowstone region, and make drawings that are as disagreeable in color as they are incredible. Because Nature does impossible and outlandish things occasionally, or did in her salad days, must we needs mortify the ancient dame by pulling her gaudy youthful "duds" out of her trunks and showing them to the public? Nature made these fantastic mountains to please her first-born monsters, the ichthyosaurus, the pterodactyl, and the rest who were, we take it, color-blind; she never thought of us, who are not color-blind at all. Mr. Geo. Hitchcock still clings to Scheveningen and to Mesdag, and Mr. Henry P. Smith to his moors and open seas, every year a little farther from his first success with Penzance, but this year he varies these with some studies of old towns in which he does not prosper; his love of detail bothers him, and his "Whitby" looks

of making one window look like forty, which it ought if it were made the most of, instead of making forty look like one, as he has here.

Mr. Swain Gifford had several drawings here which were good in his old way, and Mr. Samuel Colman several that were good in a new way, more transparent than we are used to seeing this well-practised artist's work. And the works of the stand-bys of the Society, Messrs. Nicoll and Smillie, showed at least no relaxing of skill, if no new mode of study. On the whole, the exhibition showed a general upward tendency, to borrow a phrase from prosperity in more purely mercantile quarters.

CLARENCE COOK.

HINTS TO YOUNG ARTISTS.

PRESIDENT HUNTINGTON'S TALK TO THE STUDENTS OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

THE President of the National Academy in New York gave recently some excellent advice to the students. The following abstract of his remarks may be read with profit by students throughout the country:

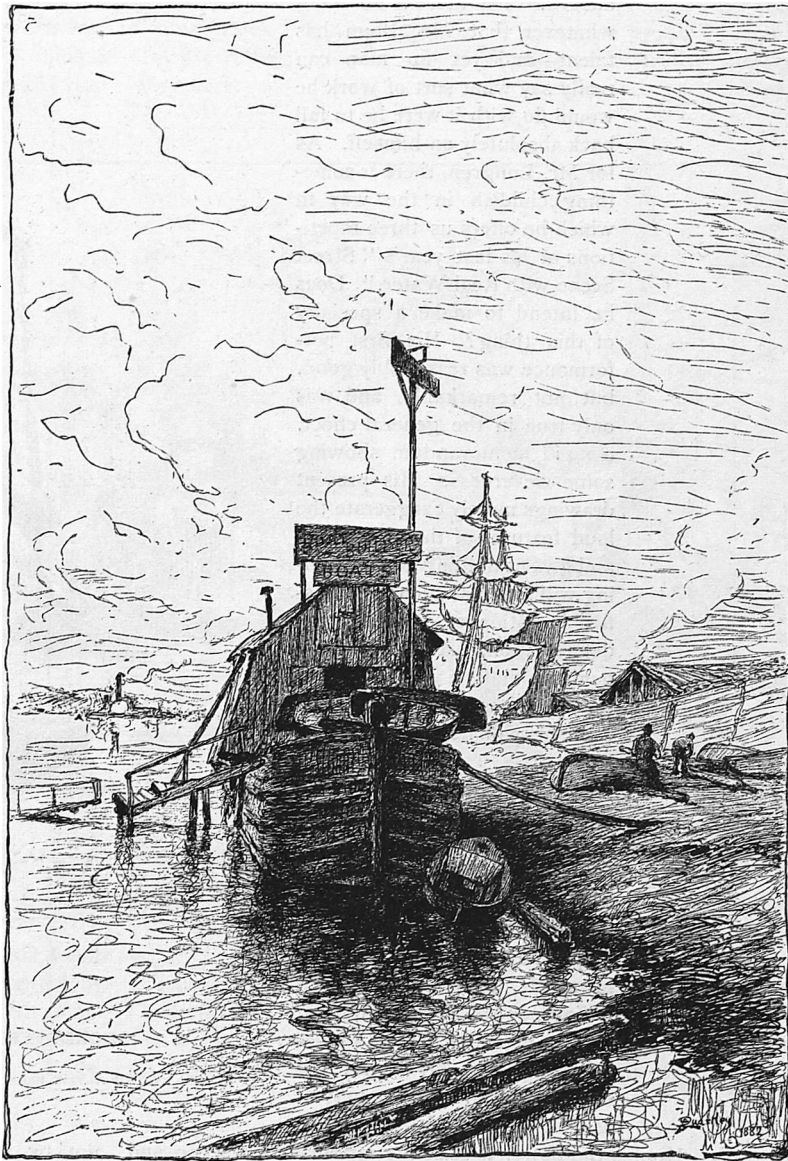
"Drawing is, of course, the foundation on which all depends. To it you should be mainly devoted in the beginning, and never cease to study it. Accustom yourselves to the use of the palette early. There is a certain knack which cannot be acquired later in life. Painting from casts is an excellent practice. For this, three colors only are necessary—white, raw umber, and black. A very little raw umber with the white will give the general hue of the cast; black and white will give the cool tint between the light and shadow, and the shadows can be finally warmed if they require it by a slight glaze of raw umber. The close imitation of bas-reliefs with this palette is very pleasant and profitable. Paint solidly, with a full brush, impasting the lights and gradually diminishing the body of color as you go into the shadow.

method you will gain facility with the palette while learning to draw.

"The next step is still-life painting, as of fruit,

take more of gray, the masses of light will be yellow ochre and vermilion with more or less of white, and the high lights of the same tints much lightened, and sometimes slightly dashed with a little cobalt. Before the solid tints are put in, the head or figure should be made out in light and shadow by a thin rubbing, say brown red and cobalt, or black, vermilion, and yellow ochre, or black with vermilion and burnt umber. If this rubbing or 'frotte' is made rather rich and dark but thin, and the lights preserved, warm colors may be solidly painted over it, and by crushing them over the warm dark half-tints a gray is produced without the use of blue. This is the process described as that of Couture and of many French and Belgian artists. Couture used Naples yellow and vermilion for the lights, cobalt and Naples yellow for the light shadows, cobalt and brown red for the deeper shades—afterward, as it became 'tacky,' brushing lightly a little vermilion (and sometimes madder lake, I think) into those olive shadows, giving them blood and vitality.

"The second method is the gradual approach. At first the general effect is made out with solid color, but faint and gray, as a man appears in a fog. The shadows should be kept broad and less dark than it is intended to make them at the last. The lights also may be lower; the whole should be modelled in half-tint and with a slight tinge only of the local color. At each sitting strengthen, enrich, and deepen, and at the last use the warmest and richest transparent colors in the shadows, and add vigor and life by resolute touches, bringing out the character with all the force and brilliancy you see in nature. This was the process of Gilbert Stuart, of Vandyck in the majority of his portraits, of Correggio, and occasionally of Titian. The excess or extravagance of this method is to model at first in black, blue, and white, without color, depending on scumbling and glazing for the hues of nature. Sir Joshua Reynolds painted many of his pictures in this way, and as he used



"A RIVERSIDE ANTIQUE." BY A. QUARTLEY.

DRAWN BY THE ARTIST FROM HIS PAINTING IN THE AMERICAN WATER-COLOR SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION.

utensils, drapery, and the like. Shells with their delicate colors and fruit with its richness and variety form

admirable objects of study. The closest imitation should be your aim. Leave tricks, touch, process, spirited handling, and so on, to come by experience. In simple sincerity strive to make an absolute reproduction of the objects before you. For a palette all you need will be permanent blue, white, yellow ochre, raw sienna, vermilion, Indian red, lake, Antwerp blue, burnt sienna, burnt umber, and ivory black.

"For painting portraits or the human figure there are several methods, differing much, but all practised with success by eminent artists. The first is the method called 'a la prima,' that is, 'at once.' A palette similar to that for still-life painting may be used, with the addition of brown red, and asphaltum. The tints of the flesh with their proper strength, lightness, and darkness, should be put in their places at once; usually a few tints are mixed on the palette matching the complexion of the



"OFF DUTY." BY T. DE THULSTRUP.

DRAWN BY THE ARTIST FROM HIS PAINTING IN THE AMERICAN WATER-COLOR SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION.

Every finished picture in oil should have this property of bas-relief. By a faithful practice with this simple

model. Brown red, cobalt, and white will give the general hue of the shadows, the half-shadows will par-



"TEACHING THE MOCKING-BIRD A NEW TUNE."

BY P. B. HAHS.

DRAWN BY THE ARTIST FROM HIS PAINTING IN THE AMERICAN WATER-COLOR SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION.

fugitive colors on the surface, such as carmine and gamboge, his glazings have faded and the cold begin-